Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
To beare the burthen whether I will or no,
I muſt haue patience to endure the loade,
But if blacke ſcandale or ſo foule fac't reproach
Attend the ſequell of your impoſition,
Your meere inforcement ſhall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and ſtaines thereof,
For God he knowes, and you may partly ſee,
How farre *I* am from the deſire thereof.

May. God bleſſe your Grace, we ſee it, and will ſay it.

Glo. In ſaying ſo you ſhall but ſay the truth,

Buc. Then I ſalute you with the kingly Title:
Long liue King *Richard*, Englands royall King.

Mai. Amen.

Buc. To morrow will it pleaſe you to be crown'd?

Glo. Euen when you will, ſince you will haue it ſo.

Buc. To morrow then we will attend your Grace.

Glo. Come, let vs to our holy taske againe:
Farewell good Couſen, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene mother, Dutcheſſe of Yorke, Marques Dorſet at one doore, Dutches of Gloſter at another doore.

Dut. Who meets vs here, my Neece Plantagenet?

Qu. Sifter well met, whether away ſo faſt?

Dut. Glo. No farther then the Tower, and as *I* gueſſe
Vpon the like deuotion as your ſelues,
To gratulate the tender Princes there.

Qu. Kind ſiſter thanks, weele enter all togither.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.
Maiſter Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,
How fares the Prince?

Lieu. Well Madam, and in health: but by your leaue,
I may not ſuffer you to viſit him,
The King hath ſtraightly chargde the contrary.

Qu. The King? why, who's that?

Lieu. *I* cry you mercie, *I* meane the Lord Protector.

Qu. The Lord Protect him from that Kingly title:
Hath he ſet bounds betwixt their loue and me?

I am